

CHANDAMAMA

FEBRUARY 1973

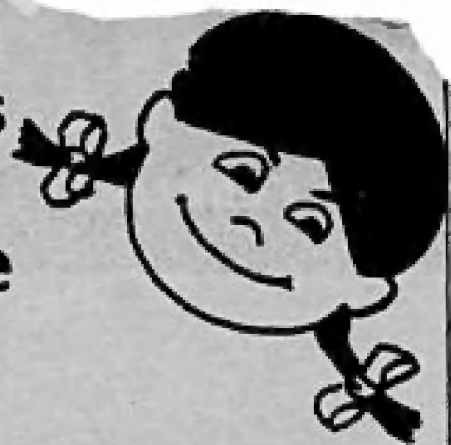
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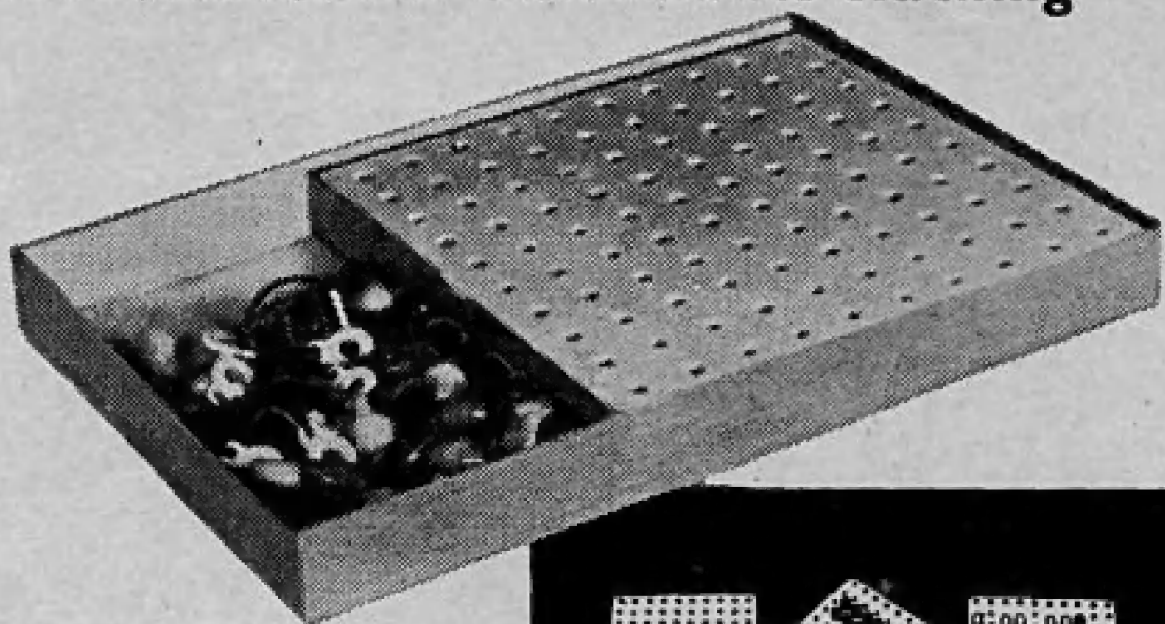


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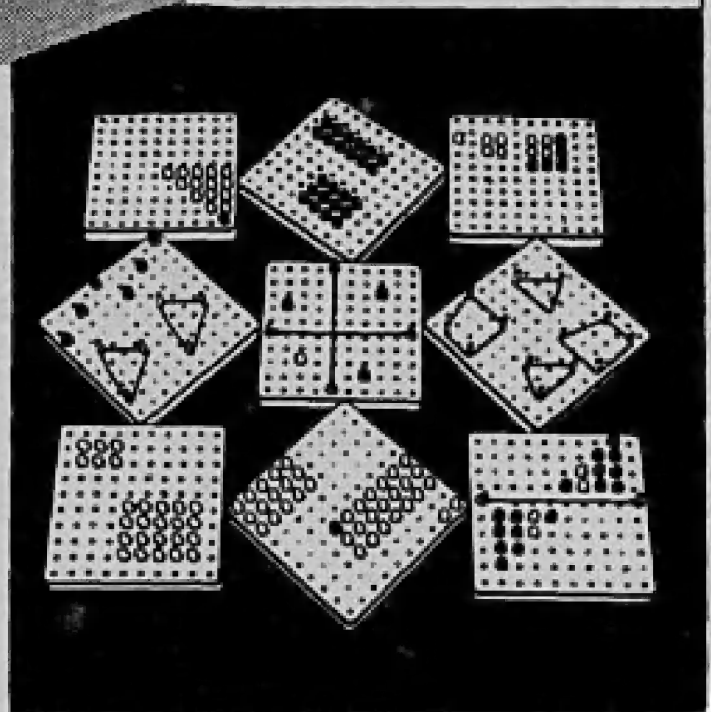
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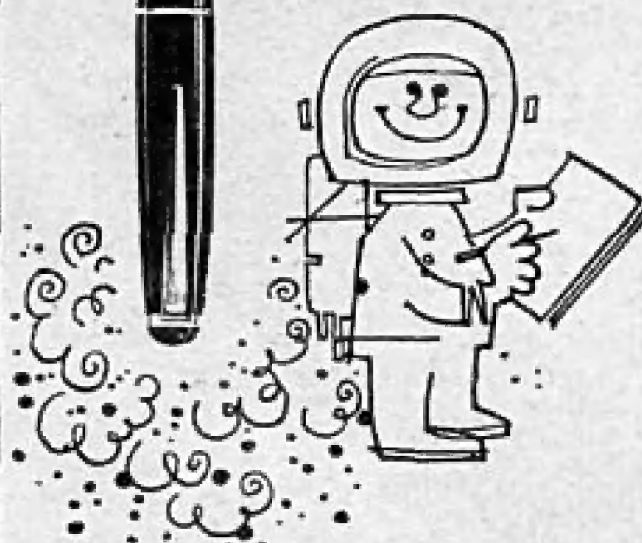


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Printed by B. V. Reddi at The Prasad Process Private Ltd., and Published
by B. Viswanatha Reddi for Chandamama Publications, 2 & 3, Arcot Road.
Madras - 26. Controlling Editor : 'Chakrapani'



How a Simpleton foiled a Burglar

Pouna and Poovaji were a happy couple who lived in a village far from the city. They were simple and trusting to an extreme degree. They lived happily in their tiny cottage.

One day, a notorious burglar visited that village. He surveyed the houses carefully and when the time was ripe, burgled them one by one. He was a clever thief who used disguise, so he could not be detected. He found out all about Pouna and Poovaji how they were simple and trusting and how they had saved up a lot of money through hard work and honest dealings. He decided to rob them on a certain day, the burglar presented himself be-

fore their dwelling. He wore a crown that shone brightly in the evening lights. He had a moustache and a flowing beard, all false, of course! Over his shoulders he had slung a cloth bundle in which he carried some jewels and money, all stolen from somewhere, of course! He knocked on the door.

From within, Pouna enquired who it was that was knocking at that hour.

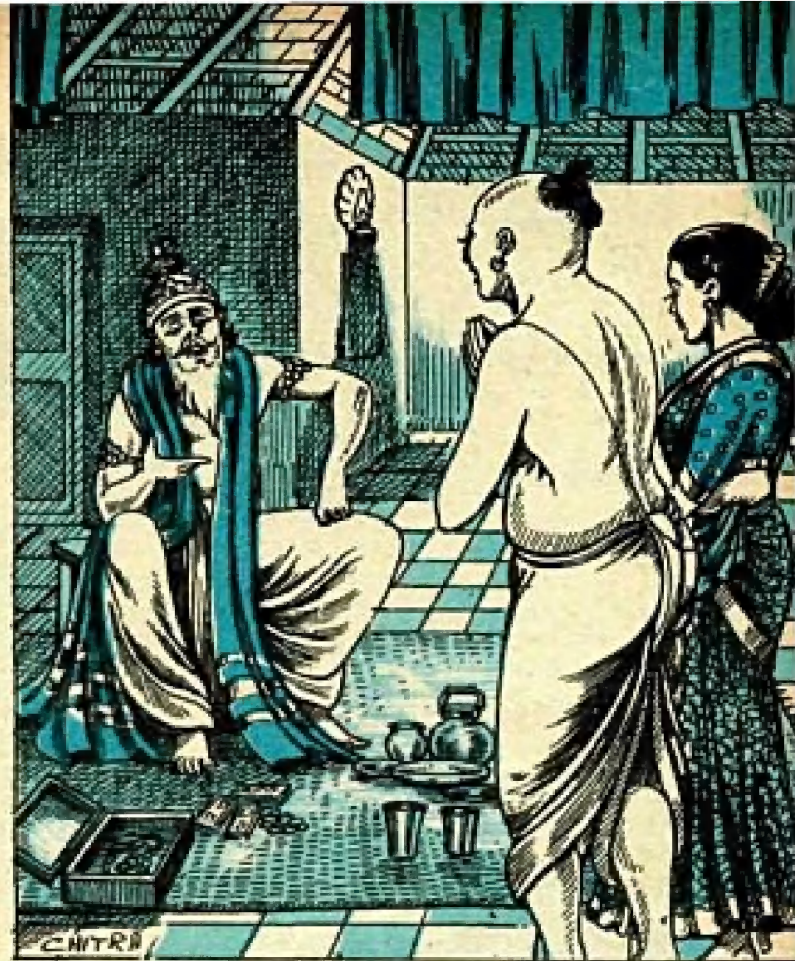
"I," said the thief in a sonorous voice. Struck by the deep tone of the voice, Pouna opened the door and was struck dumb by the splendid appearance that greeted his eyes.

The thief entered the house and turning to Pouna said,

“Don't be afraid. I am the divine messenger of Goddess Fortune. I have been ordered to visit the houses of good people and find out whether they have wealth exceeding ten thousand rupees. If they have more than that amount then I go my way. If they have less, then I take their money and double it during the night. Today, it is your turn to receive the blessings of Goddess Fortune.”

The credulous Pouna bowed low before this representative of Goddess Fortune. The thief continued, “See here, man, inside this bag, I have ten thousand rupees given to me by another lucky villager. Before the night is out, I shall double the money and give it to the villager.”

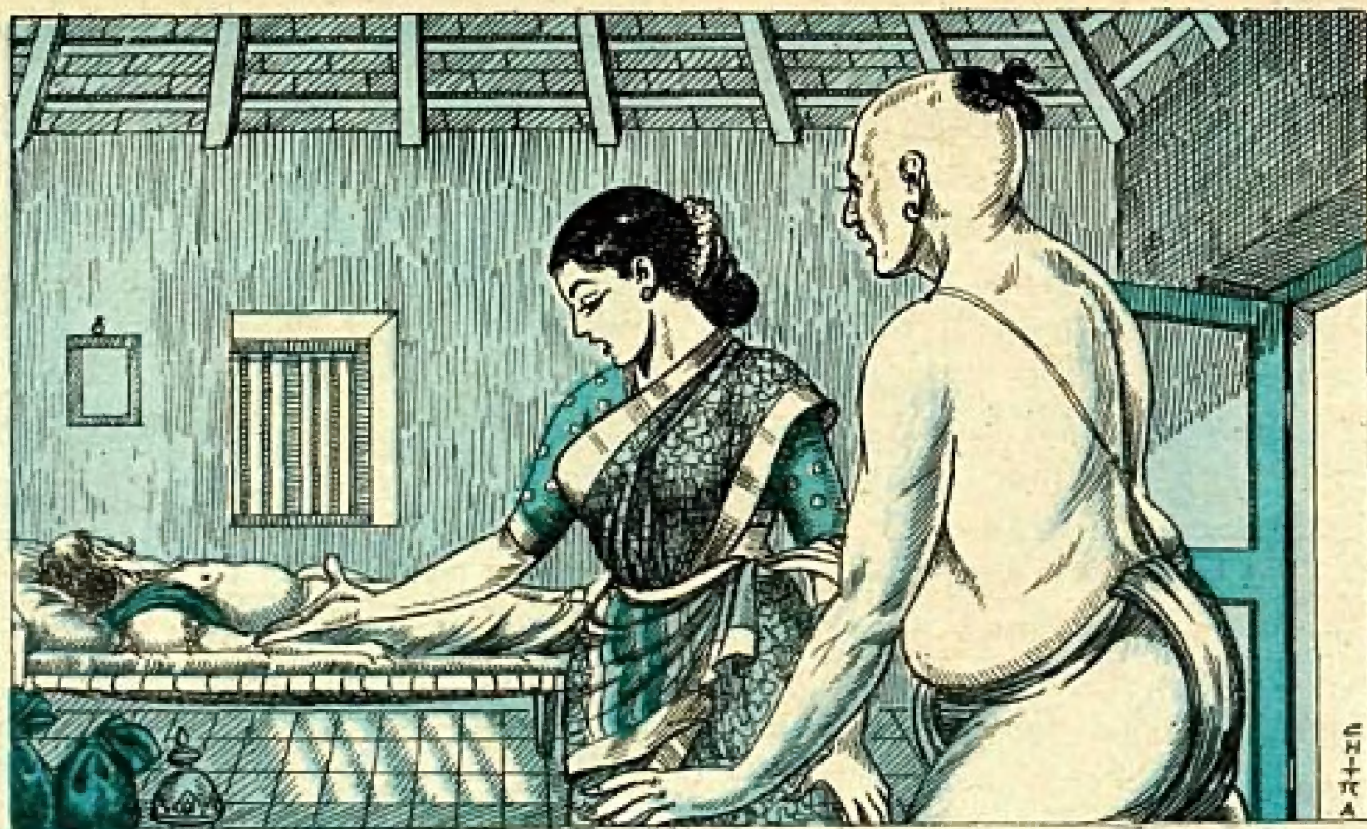
Pouna was so impressed by all this talk that he ran to his wife, blurted out the good news and quickly began to make an inventory of all his wealth. Inspecting their wealth the thief solemnly declared that the value of the jewels and ornaments gathered by them was less than ten thousand rupees. Therefore, he would take those and return it all double fold in the morning. As the thief was pre-



paring to leave, Pouna, the hospitable soul that he was requested him to dine with them that night, as his arrival was a privilege not given to everyone. The thief agreed, thinking that he would quit the house with the money after eating their food. Then he tied firmly both bundles together.

Poovaji was an excellent cook and the thief eating such good food for the first time in his life, felt drowsy and was soon fast asleep.

Poovaji finished her nightly chores and came into the room. She saw the thief sleeping peacefully and as she turned to go, noticed the cloth bundle



on the floor. She told Pouna, "Look at that. Our honourable guest has gone to sleep leaving his bundle carelessly on the floor. Put it in a safe place, so no one can steal it at night."

Pouna did as he was bid and placed the cloth bundle inside his almirah. Then they went to sleep.

Sometime during the night, the thief woke up and hurriedly picking up a cloth bundle from a corner of the room made off with all haste. The bundle he had picked up was the one in which Pouna had bought a lot of potatoes that morning. The thief did not know this and

after he had reached the outskirts of the village, sat down under a tree and opened it. The potatoes rolled out and fell on the grass. The thief realised that he had picked up the wrong bundle by mistake. So he resolved to go back and bring back the original bundle.

In the morning, Poovaji was surprised to see that her guest of the previous evening was missing. So she ran to her husband and said, "Our honourable guest has departed without saying goodbye."

Pouna said, "Maybe, he has doubled our wealth secretly in the night. Let's look into that bundle."



When he opened the bundle, a lot of jewels and ornaments, more than the ones he had given the thief, fell out. So happily he turned to his wife and said, "See that! Our honourable guest has kept his word."

Poovaji was overjoyed at such good fortune. Like all women, she was fond of decorating herself and soon, decked out in all those glittering ornaments, she visited her friends to show off her new found wealth. One of her friends was the wife of wealthy Narayan Chetty and the latter was shocked to see Poovaji wearing some of her own jewels. Now Narayan

Chetty's house had recently been burgled. Therefore his wife began to ask Poovaji where she had got those lovely necklaces. Poovaji happily rattled off her encounter with the mysterious stranger who had doubled their wealth. Narayan Chetty's wife related all this to her husband who in turn complained to the magistrate. But he added that Pouna was innocent. Someone had duped him. Probably a clever thief in the guise of a god had taken advantage of the trusting and credulous nature of Pouna and his wife. That thief was likely to come back for the articles he had left behind.

Brotherly Love

Madhavvarma ruled over the land of Madanga. Induvarma and Nandavarma were his two sons. Kalavathi was the daughter of the chief minister and she was betrothed to the elder prince.

One day Induvarma was bitten by a poisonous snake as he was strolling in the palace grounds. All the doctors in the land hurried to his bedside and after a lot of effort managed to save him from death. But they could not get rid of all the

poison in the body. A little remained and gradually the prince began to lose the use of his limbs. His body lost its freshness and he lay, pale as death, and the stench flowed all round. Many doctors came from all over the land, but to no avail! He could not be cured. Then they all said, "The prince will live if someone can bring back a herb called amruthavalli which grows in the wild forests bordering the sacred lake Manasarovor in the Himalayas.





The herb must be brought here within three months and turned into a juice. Then only will the prince survive."

Everyone became still at this piece of news. Who could go to Lake Manasarovor and come back within such a short time. It was to say the least impossible!

Then young Nandavarma jumped up and offered to go in search of the herb. But until he returned, someone was required to nurse the sick prince, Induvarma. No one offered to do that because the prince's body was in a sorry state and gave off a bad odour. Then Kalavathi came forward and said, "I have been betrothed to

Prince Induvarma. Therefore he is my husband. I shall look after him."

Even the old king and queen tried to dissuade Kalavathi from her purpose. They said, "Look here, girl, don't worry yourself. We are going to lose our son in the end, because no one can bring back the sacred herb. Even the servants are afraid to go near the rotting body of our son. Why should you care?"

But Kalavathi could not be turned away from her purpose. She began to nurse Induvarma back to health.

The sick prince was far gone in his illness. Even his sight was failing him, but through the haze covering his eyes, he recognized Kalavathi and said to her, "Kalavathi, why are you nursing me? Everyone knows that I'll die soon. Forget me, marry someone else and be happy."

Kalavathi did not bother to reply, but continued her tasks silently and efficiently.

In the meanwhile, Nandavarma galloped off on his faithful steed and after some days reached the banks of the lake Manasarovor. As he stood on the banks of the lake wondering how he could cross the vast

expanse of water, he overheard two eagles conversing amongst themselves. Now he knew the language of the birds and had no difficulty in following the conversation of the eagles. The eagles were discussing the activities of a black cobra that periodically swallowed up their eggs. Said one eagle, "This is the same snake that bit the prince of Madanga a few months ago. Now that prince is on his death-bed. His younger brother Nandavarma has come to this forest in search of that sacred herb Amruthavalli. But as long as the black cobra and its companions guard over the herbs, how can he hope to pluck the herb?"

Then Nandavarma looked up and said, "Oh! Mighty eagle, I've heard all that you have been saying. Tell me how I can slay the black cobra, so that I can take the herb back and save my brother?"

The birds replied, "Yes, there is a way. If the snake swallows our droppings, he'll be killed. That's why he's been swallowing our eggs."

Nandavarma pondered over this a while and bidding the birds wait, went to a nearby hermitage. There he collected

a bowl full of milk and came back to the birds. He collected the bird droppings in the bowl and placing it near the bole of a tree waited closely to watch for the snake.

Soon the black cobra glided out of its lair and approached the tree. Then it began to drink the milk and the very next instant sprang up and died.

The birds thanked Nandavarma and said, "Oh! Prince, take the precious jewel from the head of this snake. Then with reed fashion a boat. Tie one end of a string to the prow of the boat. We'll hold one end in our beaks and fly in the air to show you the way. When





you reach the other bank, flash your jewel around and the radiant glow will light up the forest. The snakes guarding the herb will lose their power and you can easily pluck the herb."

And so it came to pass. Nandavarma safely accomplished his sacred task and prepared to return to Madanga. The birds said, "Oh! Prince, delay not. Go swiftly and heal your brother. But remember, if you should ever fail to do your duty, that precious jewel will lose its lustre and turn black. If you place that jewel on the sick man's body, he will become hale and healthy."

Nandavarma returned home

in time to give the doctors the sacred herb so that they could prepare potions to heal the prince.

Kalavathi, in nursing the sick prince had neglected herself very much. All her beauty was gone and she had become thin and emaciated. But she was happy that Induvarma was recovering very fast. Then she decided to leave him as she thought he would never marry her now as she had become ugly and plain. She wandered off into the forest and became a nun. She passed her days in front of the temple by the river. When Induvarma was fully recovered and his old self, he asked for Kalavathi, but

no one could tell him where she had gone. The palace guards were ordered to search for her, but she could not be found anywhere.

One day, the priest of the temple came to the prince and gave him a ring he had found lying on the stone steps of the temple. This was the ring, the prince had given Kalavathi as a token of their betrothal. Induvarma was filled with a lot of sorrow and thought that his beloved had fallen into the river. So he rushed like a madman to the temple but did not recognise Kalavathi who was sitting there as usual. Then crying out loud that he too would end his life, he prepared to plunge into the swollen waters of the river.

Then Kalavathi caught him round the waist and pulled him back. She said, "Sire, I am Kalavathi, though you do not recognise me now. I have lost my beauty and so thought you would not want to marry me now. That is why, I have become a nun."

Induvarma said, "Listen to me, Kalavathi. I love only you. I don't want to rule anymore. I shall stay here with you."

Nandavarma who had accompanied his brother to the temple



was standing nearby. His fist was holding the precious jewel. But he noticed that all the shine was gone from it and it had turned black. He now knew what he must do.

Quickly he placed the jewel in his brother's hand. But it remained dull and colourless. Then he gave it to Kalavathi who was at once restored to her original beauty and health. When she gave the jewel back to Nandavarma, it shone brightly and shed its radiance all round.

Nandavarma did his duty by uniting his brother and Kalavathi. So the jewel shone once more. Induvarma married Kalavathi and with his brother Nandavarma ruled the land of Madanga wisely and well.



Courage wins all

In a certain village lived a wealthy man who had two sons, Ajay and Vijay. These two lads were always quarelling amongst themselves. Tired of the constant bickering and quarelling of the two, the father hit upon an idea to teach them good behaviour. He divided his wealth into two equal parts, gave one to each son and then said, "I have a priceless jewel which is a family heirloom. The eldest son has always kept it. Therefore, I am giving it to Ajay."

At these words, Vijay protested and said, "Why should you give it to Ajay? I should have it. After all, we are both equal in our abilities."

The father sighed and said, "Very well. You should both go out and become expert at trade or the other. When you come back, I'll test each one and give the jewel to the one who is truly praiseworthy."

Ajay and Vijay agreed to this and set out to learn some trade. Ajay turned to astrology and in five years became a leading practitioner. Vijay went into the army and became an expert soldier. When the brothers returned to their village, they were shocked to find the house in ruins. Their father had become old and infirm and now lay in one corner. They soon learnt that bandits had robbed their father

of everything. Ajay found out from his father, the exact date and time of the occurrence. Then he told Vijay, "Brother, from my knowledge of astrology, I have found out that these bandits are living in a dense forest far from here. That forest is the home of some fierce ghosts. But the bandits seem to have these ghosts under their control. Therefore, it is well nigh impossible to recover our stolen wealth."

Vijay replied, "Listen brother, I trained to be a soldier. I can fight anybody. I'll go into this forest and recover everything."

Then the younger brother journeyed long and wide and at last came to a dense forest. People who learnt of his mission tried to dissuade him by telling him that no one had ever returned from that forest alive. But he was not to be swayed from his purpose. Instead he reasoned that as the bandits were only human, he could easily deal with them. So he kept on ahead until he went deep into the forest. The fierce ghosts saw him and tried to frighten him with all kinds of weird noises.

Undaunted, he pressed on



towards them. When he saw them advancing towards him, he drew out his trusted blade and whacked the air with it. At once the ghosts ran away.

Then he stood his ground and cried out, "Look here, you ghosts, only tell me where the bandits have hidden our treasures. Then I'll not harm you."

But no one answered his cry.

Tired and worn out by his long travel, Vijay sat under a tree and took out his lunch. His sword lay beside him. A ghost stealing through the air quietly lifted the blade and made off with it.

Then all the ghosts said,



"Now we need not fear this human. He will be afraid of us."

When Vijay finished his lunch, he looked around for his sword and saw that it was missing. He guessed that the ghosts must have taken it. He decided to get it back by a trick. So he got up and pretended to leave the forest. All the ghosts thought that he had run off because he was afraid of them.

When night fell, the ghosts came out of their trees one by one and in the moonlight began a weird dance. Vijay who was only hiding some dis-

tance away, covered himself with a thick blanket and joined the ghosts in their dance.

The ghosts were passing Vijay's blade from hand to hand, and when it came to Vijay's turn, he quickly seized the sword and sliced off the beard of the chief ghost.

Then the ghosts stopped their dance and began to tremble like aspen leaves. The chief ghost began to lament and cry. "Oooo, I've lost my beard. Those bandits are controlling this forest with just one hair from my beard. This human has taken my entire beard. Who knows what he will do to us now. Oooo..."

Then it came up to Vijay and pleaded with him to return the beard. Vijay replied, "Look here, Mr. Ghost, I shall not harm you one bit. Just show me where those bandits hide out. I'll capture them and free you from their clutches."

The chief ghost was comforted somewhat and led Vijay to the underground cellar where the bandits had hidden their illgotten wealth. He was overjoyed to see all the treasures of the family there, including the precious jewel their family heirloom. Then he hid behind a

tree and awaited the coming of the bandits.

Early in the morning the robbers returned from another robbery and went into the cellar to deposit their loot. As each one came up through the narrow mouth of the cellar after depositing the loot, Vijay cut off his head with his sharp blade. In this manner he cut off all their heads and destroyed them completely. Then he reported to the king of the land what he had done and arranged for the stolen goods to be returned to the rightful owners. He came home finally, laden with presents from the king and brought back all that had been stolen, including the precious jewel.

Vijay's father and Ajay his brother rejoiced at his good fortune and praised him for



his courage. They wanted him to keep the precious jewel, but Vijay declined and said, "Let it remain in the family, as a sign that we are one and indivisible."

The father was overjoyed because his sons were at last united.

WHO FIRST USED HORSES?

There is no record of who first used horses. But we do know that the horse was hunted for food by primitive man. Probably the Ancient Egyptians and Assyrians first domesticated the horse and harnessed it. The Arabs had their lovely horses, bred mostly for speed, and the Romans used them to draw their chariots, and there is mention of man using horses in the Old Testament. What is certain is that the horse is probably man's best animal friend—there is no doubt that it is the most useful.

THE STORY OF THE COVER

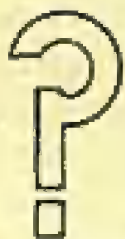
THUNDERING CHARIOTS—ROARING CROWD



HERE'S excitement for you! The arena of the Circus Maximus in Rome is bursting at its seams with a quarter of a million men, women and children, gathered to cheer their favourite charioteers. Chariot races in Ancient Rome were tremendously popular. The chariots were small and light, with two wheels and pulled by teams of magnificent horses, usually four. The races were held from sunrise to sunset, and there was much feverish betting on the superb horsemen as the careered round the hazardous track. What a triumph it was for the winner!

[illegible]

RIDDLE MEE REE



The first is in Space but not in Taste
The second is in That but not in Dart
The third is in Tea and also in Pea
The fourth is in Neddy but not in Teddy
The fifth is in Glad and also in Sad
The sixth is in Sally but not in Silly
The seventh is in Mate but not in Gate
The eighth is in Bake and also in Cake
The ninth is in Time but not in Wine
The tenth is in Dame which makes a Name



A band of picked Norman soldiers under the command of two knights, Sir Stephen and Sir Guy, marched into the heart of Sherwood Forest to capture Robin Hood. The sly Sheriff of Nottingham went with them.

Robin Hood had been warned, however. His scouts had seen the Normans and the horns sounded their warning through the glades. Robin called his men to arms, and they seized their weapons and ran eagerly to fight for Robin.



Meanwhile, Sir Stephen was determined not to fail in his mission. He knew it would be hard to find Robin Hood in the thick forest so he went forward cautiously, and told his men to spread out. "Keep your eyes open," he ordered.

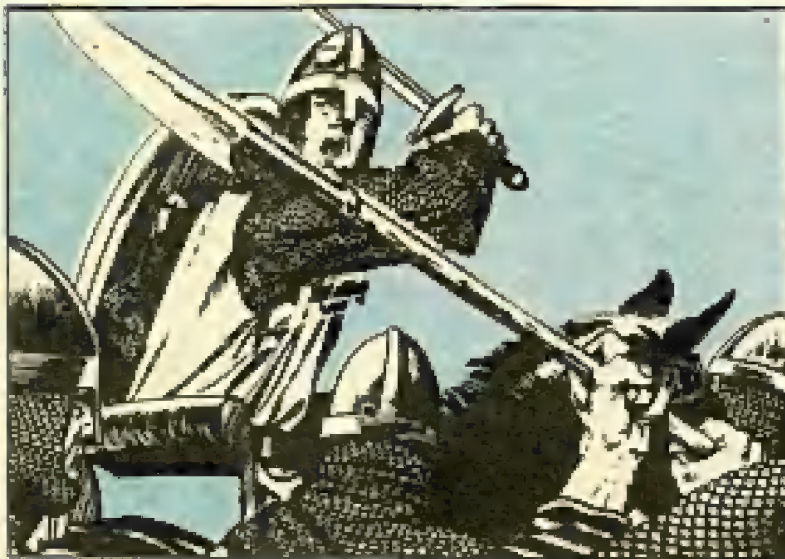


Then he called to Sir Guy to ride on ahead with him and spy out the land. They spurred their horses and rode on through the trees as cautiously as they could. "There is a chance of catching a glimpse of the outlaws," Sir Stephen said.

The two knights did not know what danger they were in. On the other side of the stream, Robin Hood and his men were waiting. Soon, the Sheriff of Nottingham and the soldiers joined the two knights on the bank of the stream. Suddenly, Robin shouted "Shoot!" Robin's men appeared as if by magic and their whistling arrows played havoc among the Normans.



There were many more Normans than outlaws. Robin knew that he dare not remain out in the open to fight or his outlaws would soon be overcome. "Get back in the thickets quickly and stay hidden," he ordered. The outlaws obeyed at once.



Sir Stephen was very angry at the way he had been fooled and charged across the river, calling to his soldiers to follow him. "Hunt down these Saxon dogs, one by one," he shouted. The Normans blundered on into the thick forest.

The little band of outlaws retreated further and further into the forest, shooting cleverly from the thickets and from perches high in the trees. The arrows from their long bows held the Normans back for a while.





Deep in the forest, Friar Tuck patiently waited in his tree-top hideout. A messenger from Robin Hood ran to him shouting, "The Normans are coming this way!" "Good, I have a surprise for them," chuckled the Friar.

Friar Tuck jumped down from his perch, and with just three men to help him, he had planned a big surprise for the Normans. The oncoming Normans were all pikemen with not a single bowman in their number. They blundered through the forest until they came to a clearing.



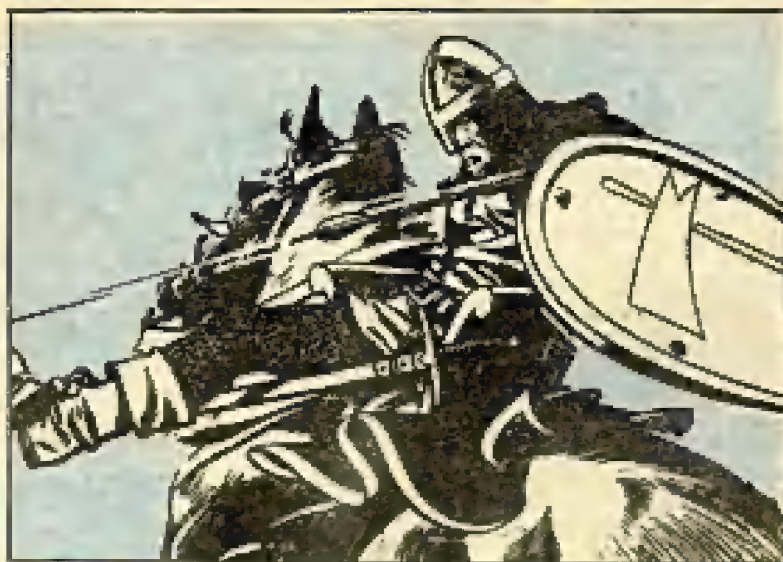
Suddenly, Friar Tuck and his three helpers stepped into view on the other side of the clearing. The Normans were so surprised they stood quite still staring at the outlaws, until their officer collected his wits and shouted, "Cut the Saxons down."



Brandishing their weapons, the Normans charged across the clearing. But they soon discovered Friar Tuck's surprise, for suddenly, the earth beneath them gave way and they were plunged into a deep pit which the outlaws had dug and concealed with branches and leaves. Friar Tuck and his men ran off laughing.

Sir Stephen, the commander of the Norman soldiers, realised that a large body of men could not take Robin Hood by surprise. He told the Sheriff. "I will go alone and challenge him to come out of hiding and fight me."





Sir Stephen was as good as his word, he rode through the forest calling out to Robin Hood to come out and fight him. At first there was no answer. Then suddenly an arrow whistled through the air and struck the Norman's armour with such force he was knocked off his horse.

Watching from a thicket, Robin Hood saw Sir Stephen topple to the ground. Robin laughed as he stepped forward. "It would not have been fair odds while he was on a horse," he chuckled, "But now we are more evenly matched."



Robin went and stood before Sir Stephen as he sat on the ground. "Good day to you, Sir Knight," he said. "My name is Robin Hood. I understand that you want to fight with me. Well, I am here, ready and willing, if you are."

ANOTHER EXCITING EPISODE IN NEXT ISSUE

RULKA'S RING

Once upon a time, in a far off country, there lived a beautiful princess whose name was Rulka. She was so beautiful that a young man only had to glance at her once and he immediately wanted to marry her. She was the envy of all the women in the kingdom and many a young man had broken his heart because of his love for her, but although Rulka was so beautiful she was not a very nice person. She knew that she was beautiful and this made her proud, so proud that she would laugh in the face of anyone who asked for her hand in marriage.

One day, a young prince named Berko came to ask the princess to marry him. Berko was everything a prince should be, kind and gentle, wise and intelligent and very handsome. When Rulka laughed in his face after he had asked her to marry him, he was upset and offended, so he vowed to teach this beautiful but unkind princess a lesson.



Rulka was a proud and vain princess.

Not long after she had refused to marry Prince Berko, Rulka was walking in the palace gardens when she suddenly saw a ladybird crawling along the leaf of a bush. She picked the little insect off the leaf and gently laid it in the palm of her hand. To her amazement, as she watched, the little ladybird gradually became heavier and started to twinkle, until, within a few moments it had turned into a splendid ruby. The princess was amazed but she did not stop to think how or why it had happened. Instead, she ran to the court jeweller's workshop and asked him to make the lovely jewel into a ring for her.

The precious stone was quickly mounted and made into a ring and the princess wore it on her finger. She decided to play a little game with all the young men who came to the palace to seek her hand in marriage and before long it became known that whoever could guess where the precious ruby on Rulka's finger came from, would be allowed to marry the princess. Rulka was sure nobody would guess that the ruby had at one time been a little ladybird.

Many men, young and old alike, dukes, counts, poets, craftsmen and merchants were soon flocking to the palace and trying to guess where the princess's ring came from. Even farmers, labourers and servants tried to answer Rulka's question. Fantastic stories and ideas were told, but not one of the would-be-husbands could guess the truth. In turn, they were all sent away with the sound of Rulka's laughter ringing in their ears.

One day, an old beggar came to the palace and asked to see the princess. When Rulka saw him she laughed out loud for he was almost bent in two with age and his clothes were patched and torn, his hair was long and his face was covered by a large, white bushy beard.

"Surely you have not come to claim my hand in marriage?" said the princess.

"Certainly I have," said the old man. "I am old it is true, but I am still very young in heart."

"Very well. See if you can tell me where this ruby came from," said Rulka, not suspecting for a moment that the old man would tell her the correct answer. What a sur-



She saw a little ladybird crawling along the leaf of a bush.

prise she had.

"Your ruby was once a ladybird, which you found in the garden," said the old man. The poor princess was overcome. She barely stopped herself from fainting and when at last she managed to speak she said, "You have given me the correct answer. I will keep my promise and marry you."

As the day of the wedding drew near, Rulka's mother and father wept, her relations wept, her friends and the servants wept, all because the beautiful princess was going to marry a penniless old man. Only Rulka herself managed to stay

calm, for although she was still proud and dignified, she realised that she had been wrong in refusing so many suitors and now she must pay for being so proud.

After the wedding, the old man came to take her away from the palace and her mother and father. "You are now my wife and you must share my miserable and penniless life with me," he said.

Rulka said goodbye to all those that she loved and left the palace. Her husband took her to an old shack in the forest and there he gave her a radish and a cabbage leaf to eat, then

he ordered her to take a broom and sweep the earth floor of the shack. "That is where you will sleep tonight, my dear," he said. "I have no beds, so you must get used to sleeping on the floor." The princess was very miserable.

"Where are you going to sleep?" Rulka asked.

"I am old and I do not need sleep. Tonight I will stand guard over you, instead," replied the old man.

Rulka was very tired and within a few minutes she had fallen asleep on the hard floor, while her husband stood guard by the door.

The next morning she awoke and to her surprise found that she was sleeping in a wonderful room on the softest bed she had ever been in. As she looked up, the beautiful princess saw that a handsome



young man was bending over her and smiling. "But, I don't understand," she said as she looked at the young man. She was sure she had seen him before. "How did this happen?"

She remembered the old man and the shack and the rough and hard floor. How could that have possibly changed into this without her knowing?

"Did you know Prince Berko?" the young man asked.

"Certainly, of course I knew him," replied Rulka. Then she realised that it was Prince Berko

who stood before her.

"But where is my home and what has happened to my husband?" she asked "They have vanished."

"Do you mean to tell me you liked the old man and you would like to return to that tumble-down shack?" asked Prince Berko.

"I made a solemn promise to the old man. Now he is my husband and the shack in the forest belongs to me," replied the princess. "I cannot go back on my word."

"I never thought I would find so much virtue and goodness in you," said the young man. "I am very happy because, you see, the poor old man you married is really me."

"You?" cried the princess. "But how could it be you?"

"I decided, with the aid of my fairy godmother, to teach you a lesson and punish you for being so proud. My godmother changed me into an old man, but the spell does not last for ever. While you were sleeping I carried you to my palace."

Rulka, the Lovely princess, could not reply, for she was too happy and too much in love with the young prince.



PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST

Here is your opportunity to win a cash prize!
Winning captions will be announced in the April issue



- ★ These two photographs are somewhat related. Can you think of suitable captions? Could be single words, or several words, but the two captions must be related to each other.
- ★ Prize of Rs. 20 will be awarded for the best double caption. Remember, entries must be received by the 28th February.
- ★ Your entry should be written on a postcard, giving your full name and address, together with age and sent to:

Photo Caption Contest,
Chandamama Magazine,
Madras-26.

Result of Photo Caption Contest in December Issue

The prize is awarded to
Miss F. A. Pantoji
154/2-B Keshwapur
Hubli-580-023

Winning entry—'Timing the Kill'—'Killing the Time'



THE CRYSTAL TUNNEL

Once upon a time, there lived a handsome prince, whose name was Lorenzo. One day, while he was out riding in the woods. Prince Lorenzo saw a beautiful girl. She was so lovely that the prince at once fell in love with her and so he followed her home, to find out who she was.

He saw her enter a house on the edge of the forest and he told his servant to find out all he could about the beautiful girl. The servant did so and he told the prince that the girl's name was Andra and that she lived with her three step-

sisters in the house on the edge of the wood.

Next day, the prince rode again to the wood and waited for Andra to go past, so that he could stop and talk to her and soon, Andra was just as much in love with the handsome prince.

Knowing how spiteful and jealous her stepsisters were, Prince Lorenzo built a magic crystal tunnel, which stretched from his palace to Andra's house, so that he could meet her and talk to her in secret. One day, he gave Andra some magic powder. "If you are

ever in trouble and need me in a hurry, throw this powder on the fire and I will come running through the crystal tunnel to your aid," he said.

The spiteful stepsisters grew very suspicious of Andra's strange behaviour, so they decided to watch her very closely. They spied on her movements and found out about the secret tunnel, where she met the prince. When the prince had returned to his palace, the jealous stepsisters took heavy axes and smashed the tunnel, so that jagged pieces of crystal lay all over the floor. Then they returned to the house and beat Andra for being so secretive.

Sobbing loudly, Andra flung the magic powder on the fire and called to the prince to help her. The prince heard her and ran to the tunnel at once, but there was broken crystal strewn all over the floor of the tunnel. It tripped the prince up, so that he fell and cut himself badly on the jagged edges. So bad were his wounds, that he had to return to the palace. There, doctors were called, but they said that there was nothing they could do for such terrible wounds and they were afraid

that the prince would die.

The news spread and soon Andra heard that the prince was wounded and might die. She was very sad and determined that she would travel over land and sea in search of a cure. She disguised herself as a beggar and crept out of the house, so that no one would know where she had gone.

All day she walked and when evening came, she found herself in the middle of a dark wood. The trees were thick all around her and she was quite lost, but at last she saw a light shining through the branches. She made her way to it and saw a large house in a clearing. She hid nearby, trying to see who the house belonged to and before long a huge giant came through the trees and up to the house.

"You are very late tonight," grumbled his wife "I have had your supper ready for a long time."

"Well, I have brought you plenty of news from the outside world," replied the giant.

"Come in then and have your supper at once," said his wife. "Then you can tell me what gossip you have heard."



The giant went in and the door was closed. Then they both sat down in front of the open window to eat their supper. Andra climbed a nearby tree and sat on one of the branches, where she could see and hear everything that went on.

"Well, what news have you brought?" asked the giant's wife when they had settled down.

"Oh, everything in the country is going badly," replied the giant. "Nobody is doing

anything at all, for the young prince has been wounded by some magic crystal and everyone says he is dying. The king and his ministers are not even bothering to rule the country. They are all busy searching for a cure for the young prince. The king has even promised half his kingdom to anyone who finds a cure and if it is a woman, she shall marry the prince when he is well again."

"And is there a cure?" asked the wife.

"There is, but nobody knows it," replied the giant. "I for one, hope nobody finds out



about it, for only if the prince's wounds are rubbed with the blood of a real giant and his wife will he be cured."

When Andra heard this, she got down from the tree at once and knocked on the door. When the giant opened it, Andra asked for shelter, saying that she was a poor girl who had lost her way in the wood. The giant, who thought what an excellent dinner she would make for the next night, invited her in.

Andra said that in return for some supper and a bed, she would wait on them, so while they finished their meal, she sang songs for them, in a lovely clear voice. When she saw that their mugs were empty,

she filled them up again and again with wine, until at last the giant and his wife were so full of food and wine that their heads sank lower and lower on the table and they fell fast asleep.

When Andra heard them snoring loudly, she took a needle and pricked their ears, gently. She took several drops of blood from the giant and several drops of blood from his wife, in a little bottle which she carried. Neither the giant nor his wife stirred and Andra left them sleeping there and ran out of the house and through the wood, in the direction she had come from.

Soon, she reached the royal palace and she told the guards she had brought a potion which would cure the prince. The king, who was in despair, ordered that she should be taken to the prince's room at once. There he lay, so pale that Andra feared he was already dead. She put the giants' blood on his wounds and at once he opened his eyes and smiled.

"What has this poor beggar girl done?" asked the king. "She has saved the prince from dying, when all the finest doctors in the land could not cure him. I



will keep my promise and she shall marry the prince."

When the prince heard this, he was sad, for he remembered that he had promised to marry Andra and he told his father that he could not marry the beggar girl. "Surely she will be contented with half the kingdom," he said. He turned to look for the beggar girl, but she had gone.

Andra had gone to look for the prince's servant and when she found him, she asked him to bring her soap and water and a pretty dress. When he had brought them, she washed the dirt from her face and hands, changed from her rags into the

dress and went back to the prince.

When the prince saw his beloved Andra his face lit up at once. "I am the beggar girl who saved you," said Andra.

The prince was overjoyed and the king was delighted when he saw how beautiful his future daughter-in-law was. He gave orders for the wedding to be arranged at once.

The only ones who were not happy, were Andra's unkind sisters, for the prince ordered that they should be shut up in a tall tower, so that they would never again be able to do unkind things and bring unhappiness to other people.



"George—you've done it! You're airborne!"

THE PEASANT AND THE KING

Once upon a time, there lived an old man and his wife. They were poor peasants and they had only one cow and a very small plot of land. The old man grew barely enough food for them to live on and their one luxury was the milk their cow gave them.

Part of their land was used as a meadow for the cow to graze on, but the grass there was coarse and not very good to eat. Nevertheless the cow was able to give enough milk for the old man and his wife.

One day, as the cow was grazing near a hedge, she saw through a gap how deliciously green and how much better the grass on the other side was. The land on the other side of the hedge belonged to a rich lord, who allowed nobody past the hedges and fences of his estate.

The hungry cow gave a waddle and a jump and cleared

the hedge in one bound. At last she could feed on as much green grass as she liked.

However, the lord's gamekeeper was out hunting that



day and as he strode through some bushes and out into the field he saw the strange cow grazing there. He knew at once she did not belong to any

of his master's herds and after taking careful aim with his bow and arrow he killed the poor animal.

That evening, the old man went to his plot of land to bring the cow in for the night. He could not find her anywhere, and as a last hope he looked over the hedge. There he saw his beloved cow, lying dead in the field. The old man could not believe his eyes and he rushed back to his cottage to tell his wife the sad news. "What on earth are we going to live on now and who would be so cruel as to do such a thing?" said his wife when the old man had finished his story.



Even if his wife did not know, the old man had a good idea who had killed his cow. Determined to get even with the man who had wronged him, he rushed round to the lord's big manor and asked to see him at once. He was shown into a large room which contained an enormous table covered with food. Right at the end of it sat the lord of the manor, eating from all the dishes, hardly pausing for a breath. Eventually, between mouthfuls, the lord managed to say, "What do you want, peasant?"

"I believe I have a score to settle with you," said the old man with tears of rage in his eyes.

"Well, what is it?" asked the lord, who had miraculously stopped eating for a minute.

"This afternoon your game-keeper killed my poor cow, after she had wandered into one of your fields."

The fat lord burst out laughing and asked the old man what he, the lord, was expected to do about it.

"Well, the least you can do is to give me some money to buy another, or give me one of your cows."

The laughter on the lord's

face turned to a scowl and he said, "Do not expect me, a lord, to pay for your misfortunes. You have the cheek to come in here and demand money from me. I will see to it that you are punished." So saying the lord called two of his servants and asked them to fetch sticks and give the old man a sound beating. Before he had time to escape the old man was set upon and beaten until he was black and blue all over.

That night, he staggered home and told his wife what had happened. She put him to bed. Then she fetched a piece of birch bark from the wood-shed and sat down by her husband's bed. While he told her the whole story all over again, she drew some



pictures on the piece of bark. Finally she said, "We must complain to the king about the treatment we have received. That fat and greedy lord had no right to do what he did. I have written this letter to him and as soon as you are better you must take it to him."

The farmer looked at the piece of bark and saw that his wife had drawn their poor little house, the hedge separating their land from the lord's land, the gamekeeper killing the cow and himself being beaten.

The next morning, the old man felt strong enough to walk and, after his wife had given him some food for the journey and said goodbye, he set off in



the direction of the king's palace.

His way took him through the heart of a dark forest and as he trudged along the path; he suddenly heard the sound of a hunting horn. As he looked up he saw a huntsman, dressed in green and wearing an eagle's feather in his cap, come into sight. "Where are you going to?" asked the huntsman as he reined in his horse beside the old man.

"I am going to see the king with this letter," replied the old man, feeling he had to tell someone about his troubles. "But first, come and sit down. Perhaps you would like to share some of my food. It's not much, I'm afraid, but it will do."



The huntsman accepted the old man's offer and climbed down from his horse. While they ate, the old man told the huntsman all that had happened, how his cow had been killed and how the lord of the manor had had him beaten. When he had finished his sad tale the huntsman said, "Go and see the king and show him the letter. He will be sure to give you a fair judgement and see that justice is done." Then, mounting his horse, the huntsman waved farewell and rode off into the forest.

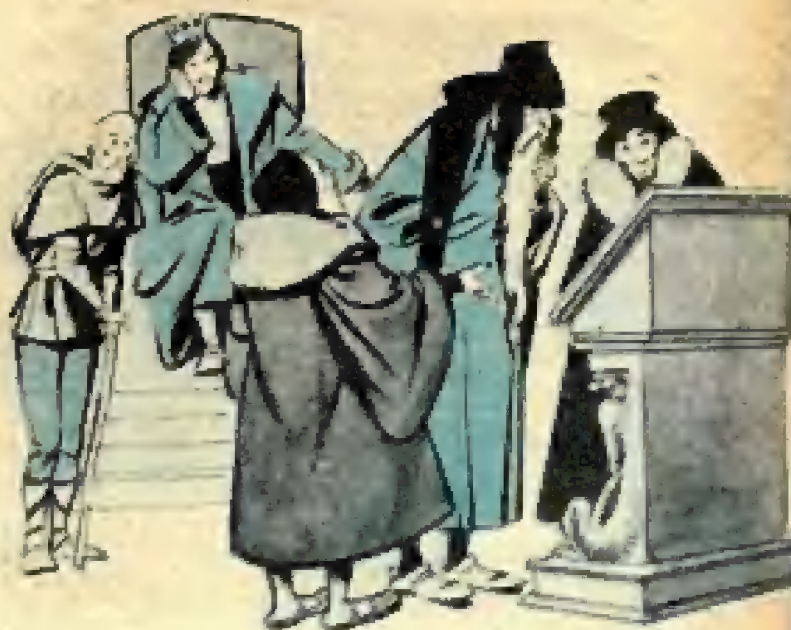
Little did the old man know that he had been talking to the king himself. Without knowing that the king now knew his story, the old man continued on his journey.

He arrived at the palace the next morning and was granted an audience with the king. He entered the throne room and as soon as he saw the king he dropped down on one knee and gave a bow. The king was dressed in such fine and costly clothes that the unsuspecting peasant did not recognise him as the huntsman he had met on the previous day. All around the king stood his twelve ministers and advisers.

The old man handed one of the ministers the piece of birch bark on which the letter was written, but the man could make neither head nor tail of it. He passed it to the next minister, but this man could not understand it either. As all twelve ministers muttered and discussed the pictures on the bark, the old man looked from one to the other, hoping they would make a decision soon.

After much muttering and grumbling the ministers, who were now a little angry because they could not read the letter, decided to send the old man away. Just as they were about to order him to leave the king spoke. "Give me the letter," he said to the nearest minister, "perhaps I can understand it."

After looking at the pictures on the birch bark for a few minutes the king suddenly exclaimed, "Of course, I see it all now!" The ministers turned in surprise and the king continued. "This is your little house," he said, "this is the lord's house and this is the break in the hedge and the gamekeeper killing your cow. The last picture shows you being beaten by the lord's servants."



The old man was quite overcome for he had almost given up hope of anyone understanding the letter. He felt so relieved that he even went up to the king and patted him on the shoulder, something that nobody would have dared to do, then turning to the ministers he said, "The king is the only man here who has any brains. You are merely the men who agree with him."

The king laughed when he heard this and he said to the old man, "Return home now and tell your good wife that the king knows all that has happened. She may rest assured that I will see that justice is done."

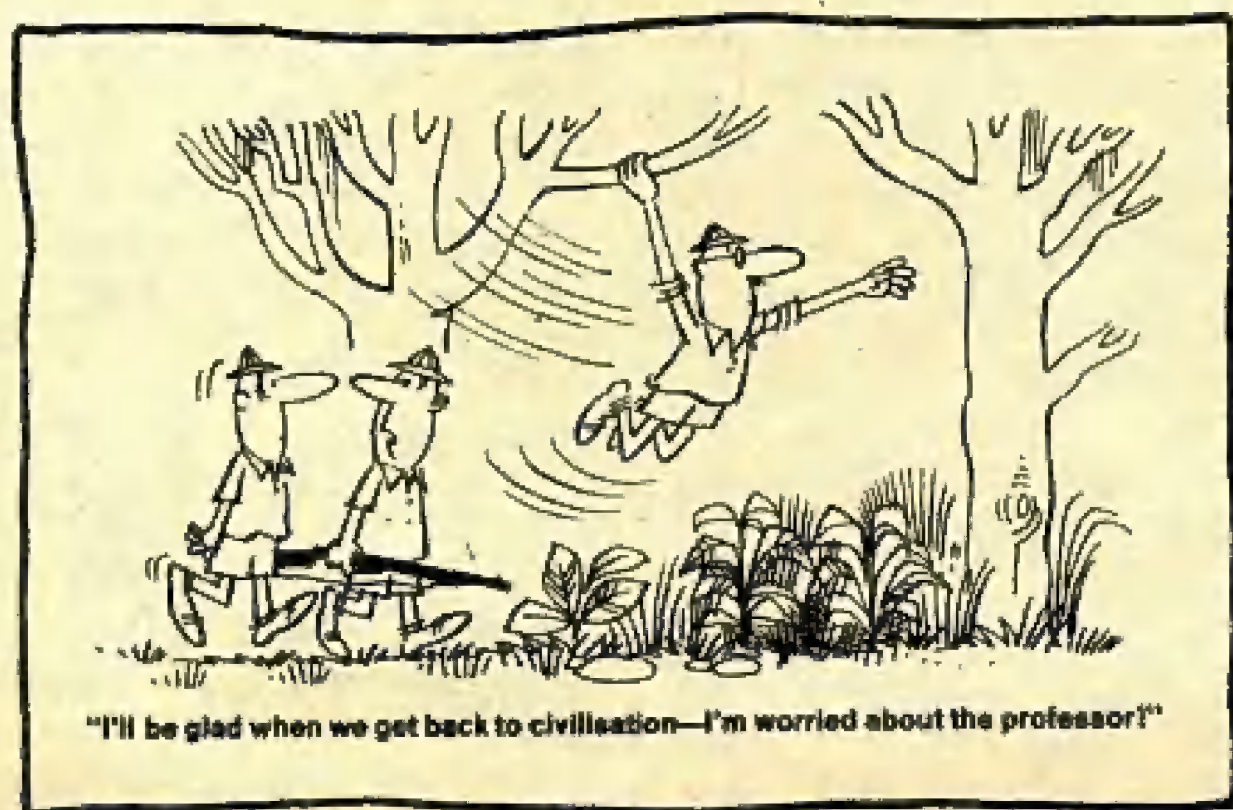
The old man thanked the

king and returned home. When his wife opened the door, she showed him a piece of paper with the king's signature on it. A friend read it to the old man and his wife and told them that the lord had to give them thirty acres of his land, a big house and seven cows as a punishment for his wicked deed.

When the lord heard about the letter he was furious, but he could not refuse the king so he grudgingly handed over the land and the cattle.

The old man and his wife lived happily in their new home, but sometimes the old man would say to his wife, "The

king is wise, but I wonder why he goes to the expense of keeping so many ministers, who cannot even read a simple letter?"



SHORT STORY CONTEST

Here are the winners!



First Prize Rs. 200/-

Mr. Shashi Tharoor
Minto Park, Alipar, Calcutta.

"The Diamond Smugglers" is a delightful story of two school children on holiday who become entangled with smugglers, full of oily words and crooked deeds.

Second Prize Rs. 100/-

Miss Vasanti Dedhia
Dr. Annie Besant Road, Worli, Bombay.

"The Princess Whose Hair Would Not Curl" is an entrancing fairy tale, very well narrated, and is certainly a story with a wide appeal.

Third Prize Rs. 50/-

Mrs. P. Balasundaram
South Extension, Part I, New Delhi.

"The Vain Butterfly" tells of a pretty little butterfly which seeks even greater beauty. Only to learn that sometimes vanity leads to disaster



The miser outwitted

In a certain village lived a poet named Poovanna. He would compose happy verses on people and received enough money for his efforts. So he did not lack for anything in life and lived comfortably.

Though everyone paid Poovanna for his verses, the feudal lord of the village ignored him. Now this man was a well known miser who would praise the poor poet to the skies, but would stop short of giving him any gifts.

Poovanna was determined to get some reward from the lord. So he waited for an opportunity.

A few days later, the lord celebrated the marriage of his daughter. Poovanna was also one of the invitees. The landlord was seated in one of the rooms talking to his numerous

friends. Just then Poovanna entered and began to recite verses praising the generous nature of the host and compared him to the celestial god Indra. All those who heard him clapped their hands in joy and said they hadn't heard such sweet verses.

The landlord could hardly send Poovanna away without rewarding him. So he asked the poet what he desired. The poet said, "Sire, I need a milch cow."

The landlord called his servant aside and said, "If I don't give what he asks for, then people will think ill of me. So, go to the cow shed and bring that doddering old cow."

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The cow arrived and Poovanna was disappointed to

see it was an old one, past all use. How could he take that old creature home? Then he thought of something. Quickly he leaned over and pretended to whisper something into the ears of the cow.

So the landlord noticing this asked curiously, "Ah, Poovanna you have already become very friendly with the cow, I see! What does she say?"

Poovanna replied, "Sire, I merely said, 'Can you walk as far as my house? to which the cow replied, "How silly can you be! I was born in the Kritha era and served under Mahishasura. When he was destroyed, I continued into the Thretha era and saw the redoubtable Ravana perish at the ends of Lord Rama. Then came the Dwapara era, and I was privileged to see the exciting adventures of Lord Krishna.

Now in the Kali era, I have lived for several thousand years. Yet you ask me, whether I can walk as far as your house!"

When the poet finished his account all the people laughed uproariously, but the landlord looked glum because he realized that Poovanna was pulling his leg. So he called his servants and said, "You idiots, I asked you to bring me a good milch cow and you have brought this old thing. If I am to be served by such fools, how can I ever prosper? Go and bring a good cow and present it to this good poet." What else could the landlord do?

A better replacement for the old cow arrived and Poovanna after reciting some more verses in praise of the landlord went home driving the new cow before him.



NO ESCAPE



In a certain town lived a merchant called Nagaswami. He planned to celebrate his daughter's wedding soon. But he did not have enough money for that purpose. However, he did have a precious jewel which he thought he would sell and get a lot of money in exchange.

But who would buy such an expensive jewel? Only the king could and so the merchant offered it to the ruler who sent it to his experts to assess its right value. They announced that it was indeed a rare jewel and would cost the exchequer not less than a lakh and twenty thousand gold sovereigns.

The king asked Nagaswami

whether he would be willing to accept that price and the latter said, "Your Majesty, I am perfectly satisfied with the price. But I don't wish to carry all that money with me. For now, I should be happy to take only twenty thousand gold sovereigns. I shall come back later and collect the balance."

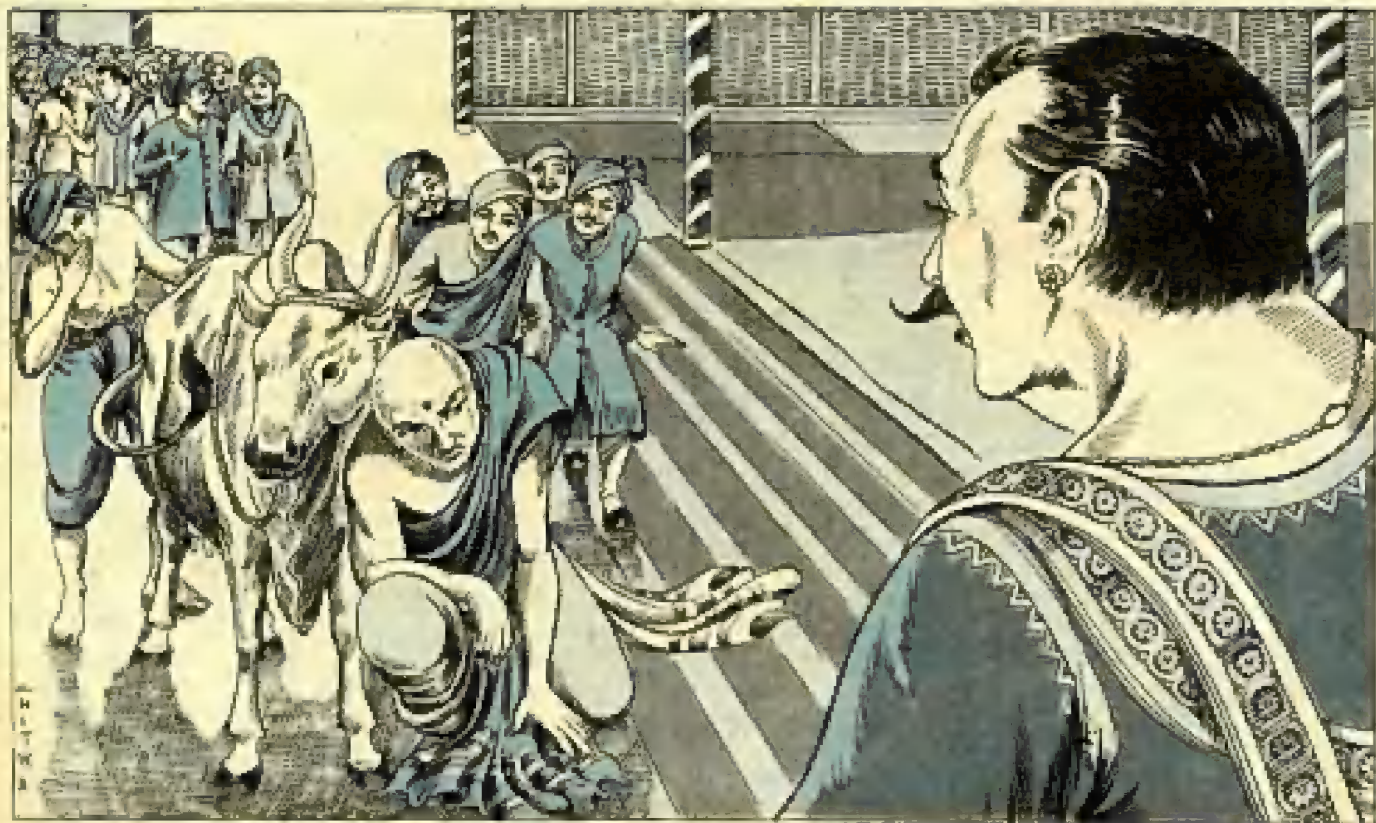
The king agreed to this and gave the required money to Nagaswami. As the latter was returning home, he went to a village fair and bought a piebald milch cow. Then tying it with a rope to the tail of his horse, he began to trot homewards.

Now Nagaswami's activities

had aroused the interest of a notorious thief and his son. The father declared he would steal the cow and the son should steal the money. While Nagaswami was passing through a jungle path, the older thief came silently from behind and untying the rope led the cow away. The merchant discovered his loss only after some time, but he did not guess that a clever thief had made off with the cow. He galloped on and came to deep river. Suddenly he saw a boy drowning in the waters. Quickly, he jumped down from the horse and after hiding his money and

clothes in a bush leaped into the river. As he struck the water head first, he felt his legs seized and bound by a rope. Before he could free himself, dimly he heard the sound of hooves galloping off. The thief's son had taken the money and galloped off on the merchant's horse.

Poor Nagaswami realized that he had been duped. When he came ashore after a great deal of effort, he went straight to the king and related all that had happened to him. The king taking pity on the merchant asked him to stay at the palace and rest before resuming



his journey. Nagaswami tarried awhile at the palace.

In the meanwhile the king's minister caused it to be announced that the king needed piebald cows, and anyone willing to sell one such would be paid a thousand gold sovereigns.

The thief who stole Nagaswami's cow, left the animal in his house and went off to commit a fresh robbery. His wife naturally did not know that it had been stolen, because the thief had never taken her into his confidence. When she heard the king's announcement, she drove the piebald cow to the palace.

Many people brought their cows to the palace and Nagaswami inspecting the arrivals reported to the king that his cow was also amongst them. The king ordered his soldiers to seize the thief from the

woman's house and bring him before the court. Thus the thief was caught and beaten severely. Writhing in pain he confessed all.

In the meanwhile, some more soldiers had caught the thief's son who was found riding Nagaswami's horse. When the thief's son galloped off on the horse, the animal sensing that the man who sat on its back was not the true master, made off for the merchant's house. The villagers noticing an unfamiliar figure on the merchant's horse had caught and handed him over to the soldiers. Thus a notorious thief and his son were finally caught and punished. Nagaswami got back his stolen property and with the money given to him by the king, celebrated his daughter's wedding with a lot of pomp and ceremony.





MAHABHARATA

The story so far:

The Pandava princes had been forced to spend twelve years in exile, and a further year in total concealment. They spent this year successfully as menial servants at the court of Virata, king of the Matsyas. Then, the Trigartas and the Kuru army led by Duryodhana attacked the Matsya kingdom. King Virata with his main force fought the Trigartas in the south, and it was left to Prince Uttara to defend the kingdom against the Kurus, who attacked from the north. Prince Uttara had no inclination to fight, and it was the disguised

Arjuna who came to the rescue and soundly defeated Duryodhana and the mighty Kuru army.

The Virata king eager to know the identity of the god who had come to the aid of his son said, "Uttara, who was that God? Why did you not bring him with you? I would have expressed my heartfelt gratitude to him!"

Uttara replied, "He disappeared soon after defeating the Kauravas. He may come here tomorrow or the day after."

The king did not know that Arjuna masquerading as



King Virata is astounded to see servants on the thrones

Brahannala was indeed that god.

Then Uttara presented the colourful sashes of the Kauravas to the ladies of the boudoir who dressed their dolls with these and rejoiced in the victory of the prince.

Next day, the Pandavas resumed their identities and went to the king's court dressed in their regal splendour. King Virata, entering his court was rather surprised to see them sitting on the high thrones meant only for monarchs.

Annoyed he addressed Yudhishtira, "Oh! brahmin do you desire to sit on a king's throne?"

Have you forgotten your own status?"

Then Arjuna replied, "Oh! king, this brahmin deserves to sit even on Indra's throne. His honesty is well known. When he was a sovereign, many kings bowed low before him. Even Duryodhana trembles at the mere mention of his name. And yet you prattle so, because he dared to sit on a puny throne?"

Overwhelmed by these words, the king stammered, "Then, then he is Yudhishtira, Kunti-devi's eldest son? Where are his brothers, Bhima, Arjuna Nakula and Sahadev? And what has happened to Draupadi?"

Arjuna replied smilingly, "Here you see them all. There is the mighty Bhima who went by the name of Vallabha in your court. He was the gandharva who killed Kichaka. Nakula was your groom in the royal stables. Sahadev tended the flocks of sheep and cattle. Draupadi served the queen as her maid under the name of Sairandhiri. As for us, we spent our period of exile in your land, happily and comfortably. We give you thanks for that."

Then Uttara spoke, "Father, here stands before you that mighty bowman Arjuna. It was he who came to my aid and routed the Kauravas. The sound of his war horn alone sent the enemy reeling."

Then the king overcome with joy said, "Truly, I am fortunate that the Pandavas chose my land for their exile. Though they were ordinary men in my service, yet their valour alone saved my land from disaster. Why, it was Bhima who saved me from Susarma. Arjuna saved my country from the Kauravas. And as for Yudhi-

shthira, I am ashamed to recall the indignities heaped upon him. I ask pardon for all that I have said and done to the Pandavas."

Then bowing before Yudhishtira, humbly he beseeched him to rule over Virata. "Sir," he said, "everything that you see here is yours, my land and my possessions, all belong to you. Pray, accept my daughter Uttaraa as a bride for Arjuna. Tell me what you think of this proposal?"

Hearing these words, Yudhishtira looked questioningly at Arjuna, who turning to the

King Virata embraces Yudhishtira



king said, "Your Majesty, I can accept Uttaraa, only as my daughter-in-law. That would be proper. After all I was her preceptor. I taught her the art of dancing. Besides, I am like a father to her. Therefore, it is not proper that I should marry her."

Acknowledging this, the king said, "True, what you say is true. Your son, Abhimanyu is the proper suitor for her hand. I am indeed lucky that our families will be united in marriage."

So Yudhishthira announced an auspicious date for the wed-

Arjuna agrees to his son marrying Uttaraa



ding and an invitation was sent to Lord Krishna at Dwaraka.

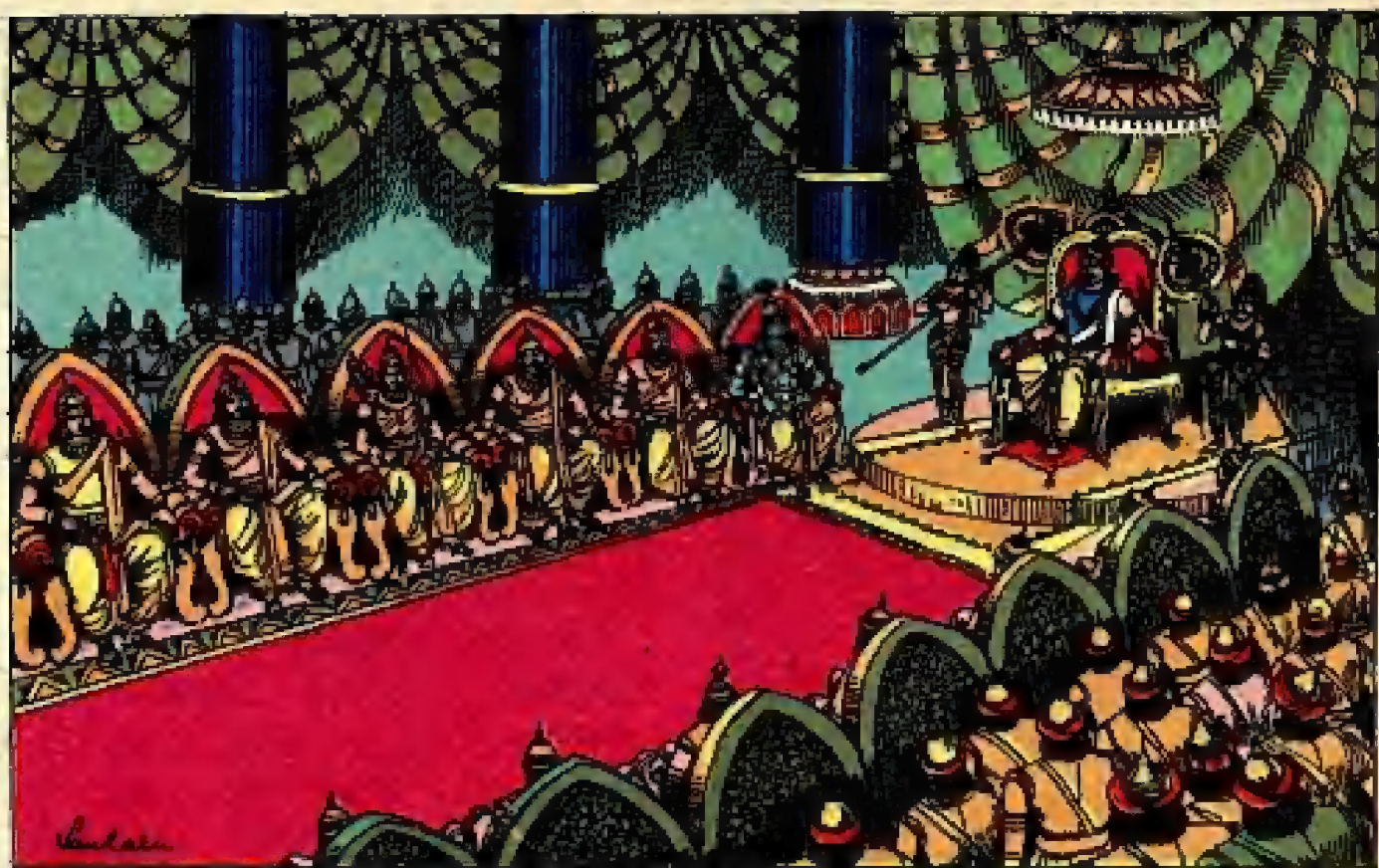
Now that their period of exile had ended, the Pandavas began to live at a place called Upablaviya, where they were soon joined by their friends and the hosts of the neighbouring kings. The kings of Kasi, Saibya, Drupada, the Upapandavas, Sikhandi and Dhrishtadyumna came. The Virata King welcomed them hospitably and accorded them all honour due to their rank.

Lord Krishna arrived from Dwaraka, accompanied by Abhimanyu, Balarama, Kritavarma, Sathyaki, Akrura, and Samba. The palace of King Virata now began to resound to the noise of drums and pipes.

The visiting kings were treated to a magnificent royal pageant, full of dance and music. Then the day of the wedding dawned. To the accompaniment of vedic chants and joyous cries of the people, Abhimanyu wed Uttaraa.

After the wedding, all who had gathered there began to discuss the future of the Pandavas.

Said Lord Krishna, "Yudhishthira lost his kingdom in the

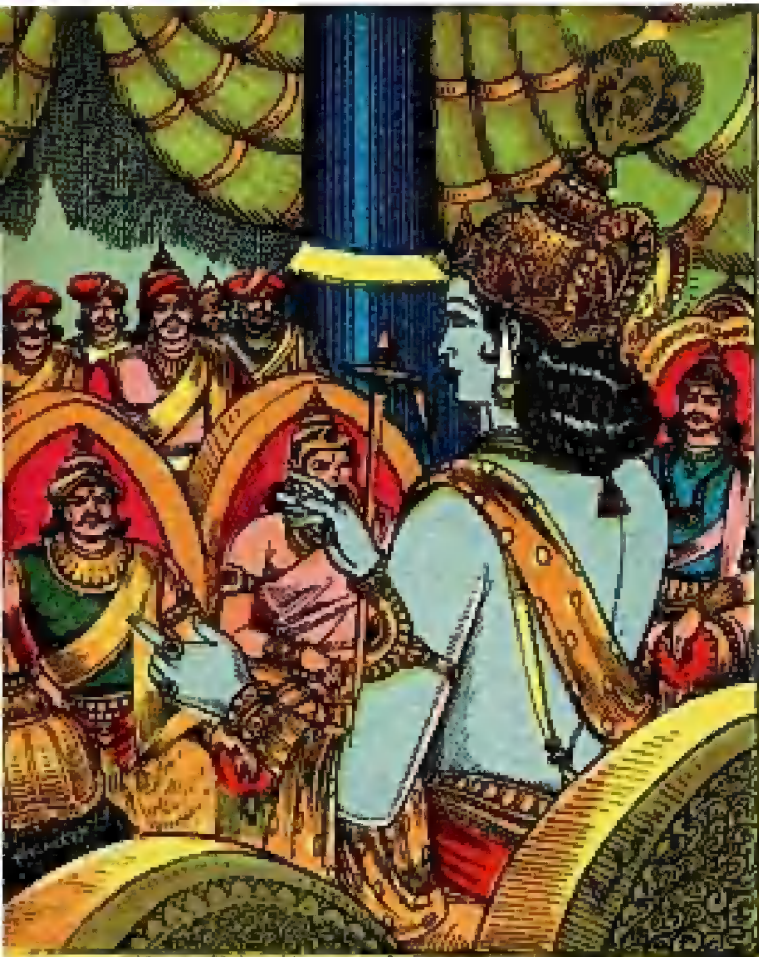


The monarchs discuss the future of the Pandavas

deceitful game of Sakuni. Everyone knows how Duryodhana usurped the Kingdom of the Pandavas. Though they had the power to oppose their enemies, they chose to abide by their promise to live in exile for twelve years. Now all that is over. We cannot praise them enough for undergoing stoically all the adversities of life. Whatever we decide now must be fair to both Yudhishtira and Duryodhana. Yudhishtira will not want to receive anything unjustly. I am sure he'll be satisfied even with the tiniest village. But the

Kauravas are always inimical towards them. They are jealous of the Pandavas. Well, we desire that both sides blood relations all, should live in amity, even after the Pandavas receive their kingdom back. There must be peace, else war will erupt. I don't have to tell you that if there is a war, the Pandavas will destroy the Kauravas completely. Therefore, let us send a messenger to Duryodhana to find out what he proposes to do!"

Then Balarama agreed with most of what Lord Krishna had said but disputed one point.



Lord Krishna suggests sending an emissary to Hastinapura

"It was wrong of Yudhishtira to gamble," he argued, "everyone knew how expert Sakuni was in rolling the dice. Knowing this, Yudhishtira gambled and lost. Therefore, we must settle this matter amicably with Duryodhana. For that purpose, we must send a proper messenger who will be able to talk sense. I do not approve of war, on principle."

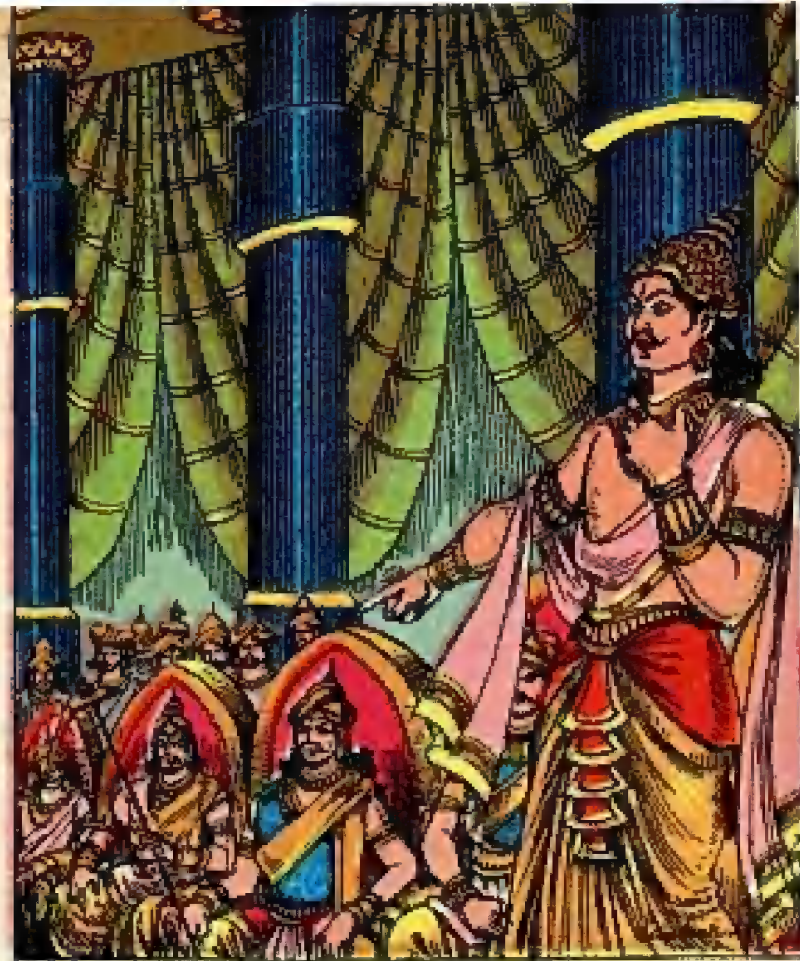
At these words, Sathyaki could no longer contain himself, "I expected Balarama to speak in this vein," he shouted. "But I am surprised that the rest of you should keep silent

about this. Was it Yudhishtira who offered to gamble first? Duryodhana enticed him through a trick. A Kshatriya cannot refuse to take up such a challenge. If the dice had been rolled fairly, Yudhishtira would have won. But he lost unfairly and had to go to the forest. He kept his word and lived in exile. Duryodhana must give his lands to the Pandavas. There can be no question about that. But obviously he is trying to evade the issue. Therefore, war is the only solution. Let us destroy the Kauravas and crown Yudhishtira King of Hastinapura. Why should we beg for what is rightfully ours? Any way, let us hear what Yudhishtira has to say about this."

Then Drupada jumped up and said, "I agree with Sathyaki. Duryodhana is not the one to be softened by words, and King Dhritarashtra cannot make him obey his will. Further, he will be influenced by the words of Sakuni, Duhsasana and Karna. Even if our messenger be good, it is not enough. He must be able to drive home the justice of our demand. Let us gather

our hosts and prepare for battle. This man here is my high Priest. He has experience of such matters. So let us send him to Dhritarashtra."

Lord Krishna approving this said, "Drupada is right. This method will benefit the Pandavas. Then they can live in harmony with their cousins. Now we have come here for the wedding which has passed off happily. So let us go back to our home. In the meanwhile, Drupada can instruct his high Priest on what has to be conveyed to Dhritarashtra. Let the messenger go to Hastinapura where Drona and Bhishma will know how to honour him. Then let us know what answer Duryodhana gives to the just demands of the



Pandavas."

Then all the kings departed. The Virata king heaped all kinds of gifts on Lord Krishna and saw him off to Dwaraka.

WHERE DID THE WORD 'T' SHIRT COME FROM?

Take a T shirt and lay it flat and you have the shape of a letter T, so it seems likely that that is how this kind of shirt got its name. Another notion is that T shirt originated in Italy where it was, and maybe still is, called the Tee Tee shirt. However, there is no doubt that it is shaped like the familiar letter T. Dictionaries tell us that the shirt is a sleeved undergarment worn under cloth clothes, and usually made of linen or cotton. It is probably the first kind of clothing worn by man. Shirts of today are very fine creations and come in all colours and styles.



THE CUNNING LITTLE RABBIT

A RED INDIAN LEGEND

Long ago, when only the Red Indians lived in Canada, the cunning Rabbit also lived there, and he had a wonderful time. He was a great thief and he would wait until night, when the moon was shining and creep out into the fields to eat the

vegetables which the Indians grew for themselves.

Not far from where Rabbit lived was a fine garden. It belonged to a widow woman, who made her living from the food she grew. What she did not eat, she sold, so all day

long she toiled in her garden, growing big green cabbages, fine red carrots, plump golden Indian corn and fat pumpkins. In return, the Indians gave her fish and meat.

One day, Rabbit passed this garden and saw how fine it was and when the moon was up he crept out and helped himself. Night after night he went back to the garden and there was so much to eat that he grew fat and lazy, but the poor widow became more and more worried as she saw how many of her vegetables she was losing.

She decided to catch the thief, but Rabbit was so silent that she could never even see him. At last she said, "I will make a big scarecrow. That will scare away the thief."

From the spruce and fir trees she took the sticky gum and balsam. When she had enough she made the figure of a man and covered it with gum. She put two little glass beads, which would shine in the moonlight, for his eyes, a pine cone for his nose and the yellow tassels which grew on the top of the corn for his hair and beard.

When the moon rose and Rabbit went along to the garden



"I shall kill you and rid the world of a thieving nuisance," said the old woman.

he saw, to his surprise, a man by the fence. There was a light mist and it made the man look huge. He cast a long black shadow, like a giant's shadow, on the grass.

Rabbit, very frightened, sat down to watch what happened. The figure did not move, so he crept closer. There was no sound and soon he grew bolder. He walked up to the scarecrow and said, "Get out of my way."

The scarecrow did not move, so Rabbit struck him, but his paw stuck to the gum and he could not move it.

Angrily, Rabbit struck out with his other paw and that stuck, too. "If you do not let me go, I will kick you," yelled Rabbit and he lashed out with his foot. He could not move that either, so he kicked with his other foot and then he was really stuck fast.

"Let me go or I'll bite you," he cried in fury, but the scarecrow said nothing and never moved, so Rabbit bit hard with his sharp front teeth, but his teeth stuck, too.

Rabbit yelled so loudly that the old woman heard him and came to see what all the noise was about.

"Aha! You're the thief who

steals all my vegetables, are you?" she said, as she pulled Rabbit off the scarecrow. "Well, now I shall kill you and rid the world of a thieving nuisance." She put him in a large sack and tied the mouth of it with string. Then she hurried away to get a sharp axe.

Just then, Fox came along. He did not see the sack in the shadow and tripped over it. He picked himself up and kicked the sack, hard. There was a squeal from Rabbit inside.

Fox stopped kicking. "Who are you?" he asked.

"I am your friend, Rabbit," came the reply.

"What are you doing in that sack?" asked Fox curiously.

Rabbit knew that Fox did not trust him and would certainly not let him out of the sack if he knew the trouble he had got himself into, so he thought hard and then said, "I have been put here by that old woman. She wants me to marry her daughter and although the girl is a very good housewife, I do not want to get married, so I have been shut up here until the old woman brings the girl."

Fox sat down and thought about this. For a long time



he had been looking for a wife, but no one would trust him, because of his treachery and slyness. "Perhaps she will suit me," said Fox. "Let me take your place inside the sack, Rabbit."

Rabbit was only too delighted to climb out of the sack and then tie the string again once Fox had got inside.

Soon the old woman returned. "Now, you thieving Rabbit, I will chop off your head," she called.

When the Fox heard this he knew how he had been deceived. When the old woman opened the sack, he leaped out and ran

away, swearing to have his revenge on Rabbit.

He looked and looked, but for a long time he could not find him, for Rabbit kept well out of the way.

Then, one night, Fox happened to come across Rabbit, happily eating in a patch of wild vegetables, on the other side of the stream. Fox tried to coax Rabbit across to his side, but Rabbit would not go. "I am very hungry," said the Fox, pitifully. "Please bring me some vegetables to eat."

"Why eat vegetables when there is a big round cheese in the middle of the stream there?"

replied Rabbit.

Fox looked in the stream and it seemed to him that there was a big round cheese in the middle of it. He was very fond of cheese, so in he jumped, but all he got was a wetting, for it was only the reflection of the moon, and it disappeared as soon as he touched the water.

Fox was crosser than ever, but although he searched all the next day, he could not find Rabbit to get his revenge. Then, that night, Fox saw Rabbit, sitting on the branch of a tree, playing his Indian flute.

"Such luck, Fox" called Rabbit when he saw him. "The Indian chief's daughter has just got married and they asked me to sit here and make music for them as they pass by. Then I must take my flute to the wedding feast and play for them there. I shall be well paid for it and there will be plenty of food at the wedding feast. Why don't you join me?"

The angry Fox decided to let the Rabbit get his pay and then kill him and take the money. Then his vengeance would be complete, so he said, "I have no flute, so I can make no music, but I will join you here and



watch the wedding procession go by."

"Take my flute," said Rabbit, jumping down. "I have another one at home. I will go and get it. Stay here and keep playing in case the guests come past."

Rabbit turned and ran along the road, but he did not go home. Instead, he lit small fires all around the tree beside which the Fox was sitting and because the Fox was playing the flute as hard as he could, he did not hear the crackle of the flames. He did not notice the bright light of the flames either,

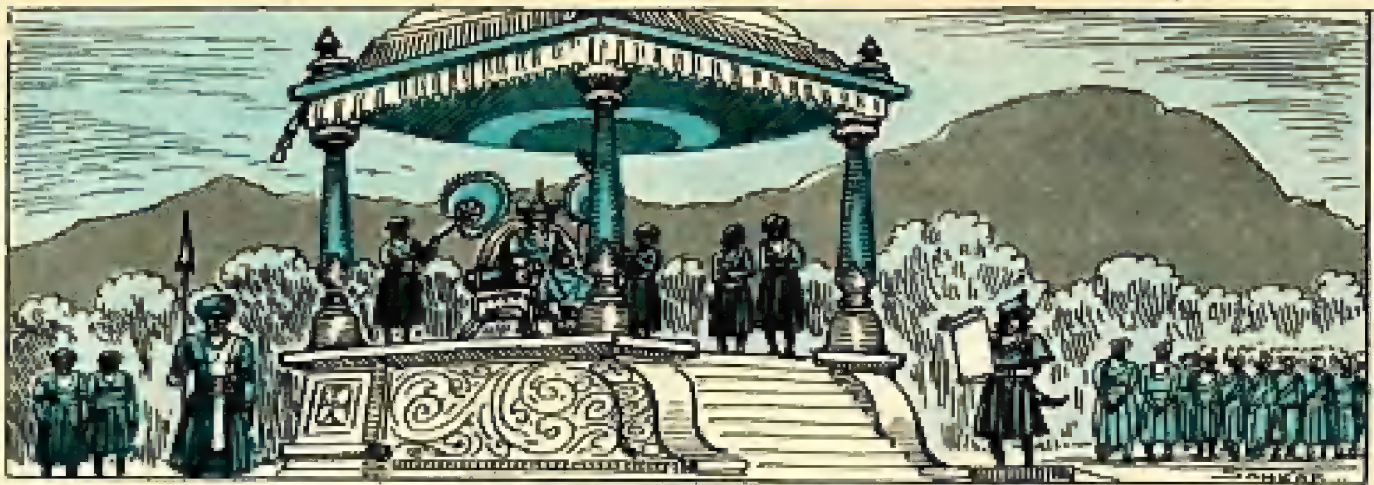
because he thought the light came from the moon. The fire had almost surrounded him before he realised his danger and then he had to jump through the ring of fire to save his life.

His beautiful, sleek black coat, which had silver spots, was scorched to a red-brown colour and to this day Fox's descendants have red eyes and a red-brown coat and never, since that night, have they been on friendly terms with Rabbit or any of his family.

Rabbit, too, is very careful to keep well away from Fox and all his family.

THE EXECUTIVE

- IF HE HOLDS regular staff meetings, he's in desperate need of ideas.
If he doesn't, he doesn't appreciate the value of teamwork.
- IF HE SPENDS a lot of time with the boss, he's a backslapper.
If he doesn't, he's on the way out.
- IF HE GOES TO conventions, he's on the gravy train.
If he doesn't, he's not important.
- IF HE TRIES to get friendly with office personnel, he's a politician.
If he keeps to himself, he's a snob.
- IF HE MAKES decisions quickly, he's arbitrary.
If he doesn't, he can't make up his mind.
- IF HE WORKS on a day-to-day basis, he lacks foresight.
If he plans ahead, he's a dreamer.
- IF HE TRIES to cut red tape, he has no regard for system.
If he insists on going through channels, he's a bureaucrat at heart.



The slave who became a king

A certain ship-owner had a slave named Chappani, who served his master very faithfully. The master was so happy with his slave's services that he said, "Chappani, I shall free you. You will no longer be a slave. As a token of my appreciation, I shall give you a ship. Go and earn your bread as a free man."

Chappani was given a sturdy ship and immediately he set sail to sea for distant lands. While he was at sea, a great storm arose and the ship was wrecked. All the hands on board were drowned, but Chappani was saved miraculously. He was washed

ashore on a lonely island.

As he stumbled across the island, he came to a large city in the midst of the hills. Wearily he entered through the gates, but suddenly found himself surrounded by hordes of people who raised a glad cry when they saw him.

"Long live the king," they shouted.

A well caparisoned elephant ambled across the town square and knelt before him. The people urged a dazed looking Chappani to sit on its back. He obeyed and the procession wended its way towards the royal palace.

There the elephant set him

down and a liveried footman conducted him inside and gave rich clothes to wear.

Chappani, astonished at all this, asked, "What is this? Why do you give me clothes fit for a king? You must mistake me for someone else. I am but a ship-wrecked sailor."

Then a venerable old man replied, "Sir, twenty years ago, there was a lot of disorder in this island. Then a prophet came and declared that only a foreigner could bring about order with his rule. After describing the role of an ideal king, he suggested that we should elect a new king annually. Since that time, we have always had a new king every year. This year, you are the first foreigner to set foot on this island. Therefore, you are our new king."

Chappani agreed and became the new king. Though he was very happy to rule, now and then he felt sad at the thought that at the end of the year he would have to give up his post.

Now there was another condition attached to the kingship. At the expiry of the year, he would have to go and live in the forest, because he would not be allowed to leave

the island.

Bearing this in mind, Chappani began to turn the forest into a habitable place. He cut down the trees, sowed seeds and turned the entire area into a lovely garden. Then he built roads and constructed houses. In this way, soon, he turned the inhospitable jungle into another lovely city. Lush fruit orchards and neatly laid out gardens mingled with the trimly built houses. When the people of the island saw what their king had done, they sought his permission to go and live there. Chappani replied that at the end of the year when it would be time for him to leave the kingship, he would himself live in the new city and all the people could then go with him.

The year came to an end and Chappani prepared to leave. But the islanders would not let him go. They were so impressed by his good rule and fine schemes for the welfare of the people that they did not want to lose him. So they requested him to continue to rule over them.

So he who had been a slave now reigned as a wise and good monarch and brought prosperity to that island.

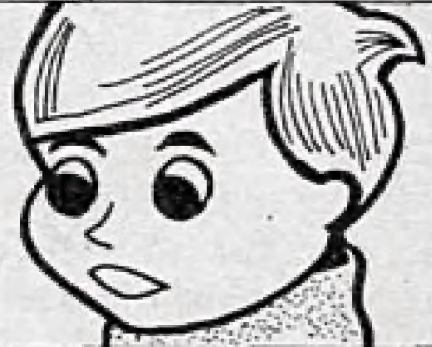
Playing it right...

We played a cricket match in school today Daddy. But I got out very soon.

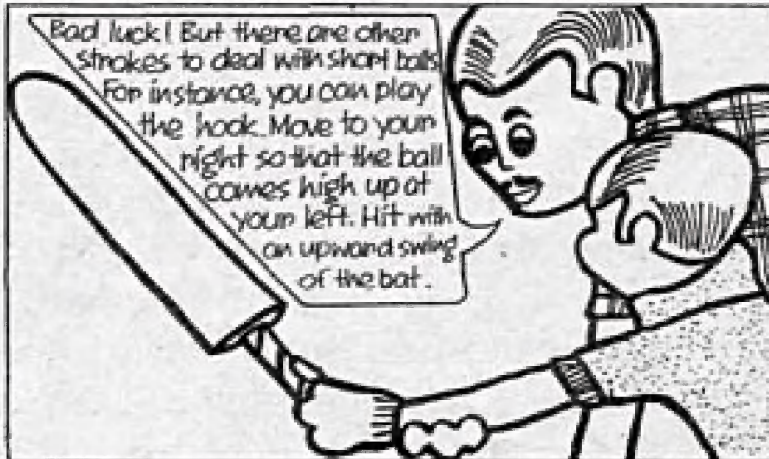
Why son, what happened?



Sven! bowled a short ball. I tried to cut, but edged a catch to the wicket-keeper.



Bad luck! But there are other strokes to deal with short balls. For instance, you can play the hook. Move to your right so that the ball comes high up at your left. Hit with an upward swing of the bat.

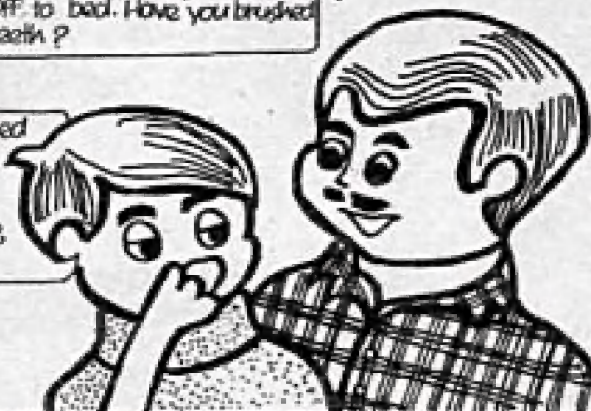


And if you hit with full force you will swing round completely. You may even find yourself facing the wicket-keeper!



Now then, it's nearly eight-thirty, son. Off to bed. Have you brushed your teeth?

I washed my mouth after dinner, Dad.



That won't do son. You must brush your teeth every night and morning, to remove all decay-causing food particles. You must also massage the gums so they'll be healthy and strong.



Yes, Daddy.



Come, let's both brush our teeth with Forhan's toothpaste.



Forhan's
the toothpaste
created by
a dentist

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P for Panda, and here is the famous Red Panda that lives in the Himalayas. Can be seen on the tree covered slopes searching for food.